# TRUTH on all SIDES.

A NEW

# Maſquerade Ballad,

As it is intended to be Sung the

# NEXT BALL NIGHT,

AT THE

# K---g's Theatre in the *H--ym----t.*

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To the Tune of *Tantararara, Masks all, Masks all.*

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VELUTI IN SPECULUM.

Motto at the Theatre Covent Garden

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*LONDON:*

Printed for H. CARPENTER, in *Fleet-ſtreet*, 1750.

( Price Sixpence. )

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(Price Sixpence.)

# TRUTH on all SIDES, &c.

YE Courtiers and Patriots, ye Stateſmen and Wits,
Ye briſk Blades of the Town, and ye formal grave Cits,
Ye Soldiers and Gownmen, who're here in Diſguiſe,
Attend to my Song, and you'll ſurely grow wiſe.
*Sing tantararara, wiſe all, wiſe all,*
*Sing tantararara, wiſe all.*

All Parties and Factions, that here do unite,
In Frolic and Laughter to paſs the long Night,
Leave your Pleaſures a Moment, and hark to my Strain;
Altho' you are maſk'd, I'll deſcribe you moſt plain.
*Sing tantararara, known all, known all, &c.*

Tho' my Language be coarſe, and my Wit is but ſmall,
(They are well enough ſuited, you'll ſay, to a Ball)
Yet my Words ſhall be plain, and my Meaning moſt clear,
And, what's more than all, now the Truth you ſhall hear.
*Sing tantararara, Truth all, Truth all, &c.*

Was the King ****, who, God bleſs him, oft honours our Sport,
But preſent, he'd learn more than ever at Court:
Where ſurrounded by Flatt'rers, and hemm'd in a Ring,
None dare venture to ſpeak what I boldly dare ſing.
*Sing tantararara, Truth all, Truth all, &c.*

Though all here are maſk'd, and compleatly diſguis'd,
Yet why thence ſhould our Frolick be blam'd or deſpis'd?
View the World all around, and you'll find few or none,
But that falſe Appearances daily put on.
*Sing tantararara, maſk all, maſk all, &c.*

Therefore, there's no judging by Manners or Men,
A bare Outſide, alone, is all what's to be ſeen;
And to gueſs at the Mind is a very hard Taſk,
Our Faces uncover'd, our Hearts are in maſk.
*Sing tantararara, mask all, mask all, &c.*

The *Courtier* adorn'd with a Star on his Breaſt,
Tho' ſo upright his Air, and ſo portly his Cheſt,
Do but view his Inſide, and you quickly will find,
His Looks and Behaviour are Maſks to his Mind.
*Sing tantararara, masks all, masks all, &c.*

He fawns and he cringes, with Bow and Grimace,
Yet he aims at your Throat, while he ſmiles in your Face:
Let him gain but his Ends, then how quickly he turns,
And thoſe that upheld him contempt'ouſly ſpurns.
*Sing tantararara, masks all, masks all, &c.*

See the *Patriot* next, with his Conſcience moſt clear,
Who covets no Place-----under *thouſands* a Year:
Tho' to get himſelf choſen what Maſks he puts on!
And how ſoon they drop off, when the *Jobb* is once done!
*Sing tantararara, masks all, masks all, &c.*

When fix'd in his Seat, at the B-----rs he rails,
Entertaining the H---ſe with many fine Tales;
Till a good eaſy *Poſt*, or a *Squeeze* by the Hand,
Sets all Love for his Country quite at a ſtand.
*Sing tantararara, masks all, masks all, &c.*

Obſerve him next rais'd to a lucrative Place,
Then how eaſy he drops off the Maſk from his Face:
*Standing Armies* and *Taxes* no more he arraigns,
But laughs in his Sleeve---and is pleas'd at his Gains.
*Sing tantararara, masks all, masks all, &c.*

The *Stateſman*, ſo ſkilful, who boaſts that he knows
All their Int'reſts Abroad, both of Friends and of Foes;
His Conventions and Treaties, what do they produce,
But juſt the round Sum that is for his own Uſe?
*Sing tantararara, masks all, masks all, &c.*

The deep *Politician*, with Projects and Schemes,
So perplexed by Day, and diſturb'd in his Dreams;
By his *Ways* and his *Means* he only intends,
Th' enriching *himſelf*, and ſome few of his *Friends*.
*Sing tantararara, cheats all, cheats all,* &c.

See my *Lord*, from a Train of Anceſtors deſcend,
His long Genealogy ſcarce knows an End:
Believe the old Lady ſhe'll tell you the ſame,
But his Manners ſhew plainly of what *Rank* he came.
*Sing tantararara, ſham all, ſham all,* &c.

Sir *John* and his Lady, how fondly they ride,
In his Worſhip's gilt Chariot pent up Side by Side:
Do but view them at Home, and their Gueſts all withdrawn,
They're ſcolding, and ſcratching, and fighting till Dawn.
*Sing tantararara, masks all, masks all,* &c.

The *Rake* with his Viſage half cover'd with Scars,
Not obtained in *Mars'*, but in *Venus*'s Wars;
Tho' he ſtrives to look healthy, and hems as he goes,
He each Night takes a Puke, and each Morning a Doſe.
*Sing tantararara, masks all, masks all,* &c.

The *Beau*, with his gaudy, gay, Butterfly-Cloaths,
Is ſo ſcented with Muſk, that he offends your Noſe:
He ſpeaks juſt like a Miſs---ſo affected and prim!
But is nothing at all when out of his fine Trim.
*Sing tantararara, masks all, masks all,* &c.

Moſt grave and demure the rich *Citizen* looks,
When he's telling his Caſh, or is poſting his Books:
Do but view him at Night, with his Girl and his Flaſk,
How wanton, and rakiſh, when out of his Maſk!
*Sing tantararara, masks all, masks all,* &c.

The *Phyſician* tells you how ſpeedy and ſure,
He'll reſtore you to Health, and make a ſound Cure;
When he finds that his Practices nothing avail,
Ev'n he pulls off his Maſk---and alters his Tale.
*Sing tantararara, masks all, masks all,* &c.

Then

Then you find to your Sorrow, perhaps, in the End,
When your Pocket is ſick, and your Body don't mend,
That you've truſted to Nothing, but Words and Grimace,
A Tongue hung with *Jargon*, and Forehead of *Braſs*.
*Sing tantararara, masks all, masks all,* &c.

How plain is your Caſe! ſays the Man of the *Law*,
I'm aſſur'd in your Title there's not the leaſt Flaw:
He's fee'd, and he's brib'd, till at length——you are caſt,
And his Wig and his Gown prove a Maſk at the laſt.
*Sing tantararara, masks all, masks all,* &c.

With Countenance ſleek, and a fat double Chin,
See the *Parſon* exclaim againſt all Vice and Sin:
Yet place but a Bottle, or Laſs, in his Way,
The Doctor has nought againſt either to ſay.
*Sing tantararara, masks all, masks all,* &c.

The *Merchant* profeſſes plain Dealing in Trade,
But yet all his Actions are in Maſquerade;
Altho' *Cent. per Cent.* from his Profits ariſe,
He can't be at reſt for a * *Plumb* ere he dies.
*Sing tantararara, mask all, mask all,* &c.

The *Officer*, with his Cockade and fine Cloaths,
Daily talks of great Actions, which nobody knows,
Swears that often in *Flanders* he made the *French* fly,
But to his Diſcourſe our Gazettes give the Lie.
*Sing tantararara, falſe all, falſe all,* &c.

The *Tradeſman*, who knows not but that the next Day
He may become Bankrupt, affects to look gay,
Keeps his Nag ---takes a Purſe--- and at Night, if he's able,
He hazards a Main at the next Gaming-Table.
*Sing tantararara, Cheats all, Cheats all,* &c.

Thus we find that all Men the Maſk love to wear,
So they ſcorn to appear juſt what really they are.
As for Females, with them 'tis exactly the ſame,
From the *C——t Ducheſs*, e'en quite down to my *Dame*,
*Sing tantararara, masks all, masks all,* &c.

For

* 100,000 *l.*

For Ladies we find are ſo prompt at Diſguiſe,
'Tis hard knowing where Virtue or Modeſty lies;
And if *Miſs in her Teens* you ſhould take for a Maid
By her Looks, you would find yourſelf greatly betray'd.
*Sing tantararara, masks all, masks all,* &c.

*Clarinda* the Coquet, with ev'ry fine Air,
Who can laugh upon ſeeing her Lovers deſpair,
When alone with the Captain, that young roaring Spark,
She acts what the Ladies play beſt in the dark.
*Sing tantararara, masks all, masks all,* &c.

The Prude, with her Looks ſo demure, and ſo coy,
Like the reſt of the Sex, loves to taſte of the Joy:
But the Maſk of a Saint ſhe ſo long Time has worn,
She hardly can drop it t' obtain a good Turn.
*Sing tantararara, masks all, masks all,* &c.

But, leaving theſe Things of low Life, let us roam,
And take a View ſomewhat more diſtant from home:
When we ſoon ſhall perceive, that each poor petty State,
On Occaſion can maſk, and affect to look great.
*Sing tantararara, maſks all, maſks all,* &c.

There is *Mynheer*, the *Dutchman*, who brags of his Trade,
With his Fleets and his Forces a gallant Parade!
But bring all theſe Matters unto Truth, to ſtand Teſt,
And you'll find at the laſt they're all but a Jeſt.
*Sing tantararara, brag all, brag all,* &c.

The great E--p--ſs Q--n, with all her fine Rout,
Could ne'er bring Soldiers enough to ſtand Muſter out:
Nor could ever Prince *Ch----s* have paſs'd over the *R--ne*,
Had it not been by Dint of true *Engliſh* Coin.
*Sing tantararara, maſks all, masks all,* &c.

How firmly we truſt to our new choſen Friend!
But 'tis well if we are not all dup'd in the End;
For tho' *Monſieur* he now talks of nothing but Peace,
His Fleets and his Armies they daily encreaſe.
*Sing tantararara, masks all, masks all,* &c.

The

The *Spaniard*, tho' lately we humbled his Pride,
He has ſince got *Sardinia* over unto his Side ;
His Ends the *Savoyard* has obtain'd by the Peace,
And his Maſk it drops off, when our Subſidies ceaſe.
*Sing tantararara, maſks all, maſks all,* &c.

The fierce *Pr-ſ-n* Boar, tho' he foams and he frets,
If he takes to the Sea, may be caught in our Nets,
But he maſks it full well, and wou'd have it believ'd
He's great *Neptune*'s Son, if we will be deceiv'd.
*Sing tantararara, masks all, masks all,* &c.

There's *D-nm-rk* and *Sw--d-n*, and more in the North,
All whoſe Friendſhip to *Br-t-n* is but of ſmall Worth,
They are leaguing, colleaguing, and maſking together,
But true *Engliſh* Boys ſhou'd ne'er heed Northern Weather.
*Sing tantararara, masks all, masks all,* &c.

From that Den of Thieves, which is called *Alg--rs*,
Behold now an E-v-y in *Br-t--n* appears ;
In a Maſk of true Friendſhip he means to diſguiſe
His Beaſts and himſelf, but he's known by the Wiſe.
*Sing tantararara, masks all, masks all,* &c.

If Thouſands of Pounds are to purchaſe ſuch Stuff,
It is plainly a Proof, convincing enough,
That altho' Wiſdom's Maſk we've affected to wear,
Unto the whole World open Fools we appear,
*Sing tantararara, masks all, masks all,* &c.

Thus we ſee that the Globe is all Maſquerade,
And Diſguiſing and Tricking the only true Trade :
For we e'en trick ourſelves, both abroad and at home ;
But the Devil, at laſt, will ſurely trick ſome.
*Sing tantararara, masks all, masks all,*
*Sing tantararara, masks all.*

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*F I N I S.*